

Project: Lazarus, by Cavan Scott and Mark Wright

A Big Finish Productions Dr Who Audio Drama, released June 2003. Second part of The Forge trilogy.

[Part One]

HARKET [recording]: July 18th, 2004. We've set up camp in the woods a few miles below the peaks, we've spoken to some locals. (sneezes) These nights are playing havoc with my sinuses. A few of the locals have made some encouraging sightings. He must be out here somewhere.
(Recording turned off.)

HARKET: Right, I've set up cameras and traps around the camp perimeter, and intend getting a positive sighting within the next forty eight hours. I hope to get her back to Oslo without a bullet in her back, but. What was? So soon. This is going to be easier than I thought.

(The Doctor is humming as he tweaks the Tardis controls. Door opens and closes.)

EVELYN: Good morning, Doctor. Good morning, Evelyn. I say, I like your new cardigan. Very fetching. Hmm. Well, I've made us some breakfast. It's nothing much, just some scrambled eggs, bacon, some toast, freshly brewed tea. Only took me a few minutes to rustle up. No bother at all. It's not as though it was your turn or anything. I keep meaning to ask you how the kitchen restocks itself. Every morning there are exactly six eggs and a fresh pint of milk in the fridge. And if I didn't know better, I'd say the bread was freshly baked too. You don't keep nipping out to the Co-Op when I'm asleep, do you? Doctor!

DOCTOR: Hmm? Oh. Oh, good morning, Evelyn. I say, I like your new cardigan. Very fetching.

EVELYN: Sometimes you amaze me.

DOCTOR: Oh, good. Because I stopped amazing myself two centuries ago. Sorry, I'm a bit distracted this morning. Ooo, tea. Lovely. Four sugars?

EVELYN: Of course. Just the way you like it.

(Drinks, smacks lips.)

DOCTOR: Oh, nothing like the first cup of the day.

EVELYN: What are you up to that's made you skip breakfast?

DOCTOR: Hmm? Oh er, just a few systems upgrades. Certain functions have been neglected over the years, disconnected. Thought I'd take the time to do a little, oh, housekeeping.

EVELYN: That's not like you. You'll do anything to put off doing repairs. Out with it. What aren't you telling me?

DOCTOR: Well, there are some functions that were included in all Tardises from the Type Zero onwards, at the command of Rassilon himself.

EVELYN: And you've suddenly discovered the need for one of those systems.

DOCTOR: Yes. All Tardises have some sophisticated systems that enable us to go, well, hunting.

EVELYN: Hunting? That doesn't sound very Time Lord-y. Hunting for what?

DOCTOR: Time Lord-y?

(Breathless woman running.)

HARKET: I know you're out there. Halt. Stop or I'll fire.

(Rifle shot.)

HARKET: Damn.

(Rifle shot.)

EVELYN: Vampires?

DOCTOR: Yes, that is what I just said.

EVELYN: I wondered why you've been locked away in the lab so much recently. Now does that mean that we're going

DOCTOR: Yes, it does. I finally made a break-through on the Twilight virus last night.

EVELYN: And we're going to find Cassie?

DOCTOR: Yes, we are. It's about time we gave that young lady her life back.

EVELYN: I was beginning to think you'd forgotten about her.

DOCTOR: Forget? Me? Oh, nonsense. Now that's odd.

EVELYN: What is?

DOCTOR: I've fed the computer a blood sample I took from Cassie just before we left her in Norway.

The Tardis should be able to find her like a bee to honey.

EVELYN: Er, Doctor, bees don't actually find honey.

DOCTOR: What?

EVELYN: They find pollen.

DOCTOR: Oh, you know what I mean. Why ruin a good metaphor? I'd hoped we could pop back to a couple of minutes after we left her. There are occasions when the Laws of Time will look the other way.

EVELYN: What's the problem?

DOCTOR: The Tardis is focussing on a location a couple of years displacement later. In southern Norway.

EVELYN: Is that safe? Surely she should have stayed where it was dark?

DOCTOR: It's late November. Wherever she goes in Norway will be dark now. She probably got bored and went for a wander.

EVELYN: Can't you override the Tardis, go back to where and when we last saw her?

DOCTOR: Sometimes it's best to trust the Tardis's instincts. All right, old girl, you win.

(The Tardis materialises.)

CASSIE: At last.

DOCTOR: Well, she's definitely near by.

EVELYN: Then what are we waiting for? Let's go and find her.

(Tardis doors open.)

DOCTOR: A grand idea, Doctor Smythe. A grand idea.

EVELYN: Oh, good.

DOCTOR: After you, my dear.

EVELYN: Thank you.

DOCTOR: I haven't been here since oh, look at it.

EVELYN: Brr, it's a bit on the nippy side.

DOCTOR: Oh, nonsense. Feel that air in your lungs. It seems that far out on the edge of the Earth, old nature has found its good way to give birth to rare and to splendid abundance.

EVELYN: And how does weird poetry help us find Cassie?

DOCTOR: Oh, for an academic you can be the most dreadful barbarian at times. That, Doctor Smythe, was written by a marvellous old Norwegian priest with whom I once shared a debauched evening in the

(Rifle shots.)

EVELYN: What the devil was that?

DOCTOR: What?

EVELYN: Come on, Cassie might be in danger.

DOCTOR: Oh. Yes. Just what I was going to say. Wait for me, Evelyn. I'm right behind you.

HARKET: Where did she go? Ah, there you are. Think you lost me, eh? That's right. Just a few more steps in this direction. (Norwegian)

DOCTOR: Oh no, you don't!

(Struggle, rifle goes off.)

EVELYN: I'm getting too long in the tooth for running about in the dark while some loony takes pot-shots. Wait, that's Cassie! Wait!

EVELYN: (distant) Cassie!

CASSIE: Evelyn? Oh, why'd he have to bring her? Argh!

EVELYN: Cassie! Oh no.

HARKET: What the hell are you doing? I could have killed you.

DOCTOR: Guns have a habit of doing that. What am I doing? I could ask you the same question. I thought (Elmer Fudd) *wabbit* season was months away.

HARKET: None of your business. Who do you think you are, jumping out at people like that?

DOCTOR: I am the Doctor, and when somebody's acting rashly, Mister er

HARKET: Professor. Professor Pik Harket.

DOCTOR: Professor, I take it very personally. Now, what gives you the right to go round shooting

innocent people?

HARKET: Innocent? Are you mad? She isn't even human.

DOCTOR: Not even? Oh no.

EVELYN: Doctor, quickly. It's Cassie.

DOCTOR: I'm right behind you. If *you've* harmed her.

HARKET: Hey, wait a minute. You can't just. Oh, wait for me.

(Cassie is squealing.)

DOCTOR: Evelyn, is that

EVELYN: It's Cassie, Doctor. One minute she was running

CASSIE: Get me down from here!

HARKET: Have I got her? Have I got her?

DOCTOR: Got her? That's our friend up there, Professor. I suggest you get her down.

HARKET: Keep back, she's dangerous.

DOCTOR: Oh, must we do this? Give me that. (struggle) There, you can fetch that later.

HARKET: It doesn't fire bullets, you (exasperated sound) It has anaesthetic darts in it. I wasn't trying to kill her.

EVELYN: No, instead you're just trying to scare her to death.

DOCTOR: Have you two quite finished?

EVELYN: Get her down!

HARKET: All right.

CASSIE: Thank you.

EVELYN: Careful, you'll hurt her.

(Thump.)

DOCTOR: I doubt that. She's made of quite stern stuff, remember? Up you get. There. Hello, Cassie.

CASSIE: You finally came back for me.

DOCTOR: Er, yes.

EVELYN: Cassie, it's so good to see you.

CASSIE: Yeah, it's good to see you too.

EVELYN: Give me a hug.

HARKET: This is all very lovely, I'm sure, but will somebody please tell me what's going on? Who is this girl?

DOCTOR: I'd like some explanations too. Why are you out here setting traps and shooting innocent young girls, Professor? By the way, an honorary title, I presume?

HARKET: Of all the

EVELYN: Doctor, stop baiting him.

HARKET: Okay. I wasn't out here hunting her.

DOCTOR: Then what were you hunting?

EVELYN: Cassie, are you all right?

CASSIE: (sniffing) I'm not sure. Something's wrong.

DOCTOR: What is it, Cassie? What's out there?

CASSIE: Blood.

EVELYN: Blood?

CASSIE: Death, Doctor. I can smell death.

(Beeping.)

ORACLE: Incoming message. Top priority. Encrypted to level seven.

FRITH: The Deputy Director isn't here right now. Just let me have the message, please, Oracle.

ORACLE: Level seven clearance is required.

FRITH: Give me strength. Security clearance Frith 868415 Alpha 7.

ORACLE: Identity confirmed. Thank you, Sergeant Frith. Message is encoded.

FRITH: Oh, just give me the damn message.

ORACLE: Complying.

EVELYN: Cassie, slow down. I can't keep up with you.

CASSIE: Something's wrong. There's something inhuman out here.

EVELYN: Very melodramatic. You sound like the Doctor.

DOCTOR: I heard that.

HARKET: Doctor, what did your young friend mean? She said she could smell something. We've walked at least half a mile.

DOCTOR: Ah well, let's just say that Cassie's senses are extremely well-developed.
CASSIE: Doctor, you've got to see this.
EVELYN: What is it, dear? Oh, no.
DOCTOR: Evelyn, are you all right? You've gone as white as a
HARKET: Good God. Is he?
CASSIE: Yes. He's dead.
DOCTOR: Has been for some time, by the look of him.
EVELYN: He looks as though he's been frozen.
DOCTOR: Frozen? Hmm, yes, you're right. This isn't rigor mortis. This poor chap was paralysed in some way before meeting his unfortunate end.
EVELYN: The fabric of his shirt's been ripped away, as if he was tearing at it.
CASSIE: That's not all. Look at his chest, Doctor.
HARKET: Yes. Look at this.
EVELYN: It's slime. What's so important about slime?
HARKET: Blue slime.
EVELYN: Ah, I see. Blue slime. I can see that might be important.
HARKET: I've never seen anything like it. We should examine the consistency, feel the texture.
EVELYN: I'd rather not, if it's all the same to you.
DOCTOR: No, I wouldn't touch it if I were you, Professor. Cassie, can you smell this?
CASSIE: I knew you'd find a use for me. (sniffs) It's nothing I've smelt before.
DOCTOR: All right, no one should touch that slime at all. Now, look at these marks on his chest. What on Earth could have done that?
EVELYN: They look like burn marks.
DOCTOR: Hand-shaped. Elongated, but definitely hands, exuding the slime which enabled a charge of some sort to kill this poor fellow.
HARKET: Doctor, this is fantastic news.
DOCTOR: Fantastic? You have a very macabre sense of what makes good news, Professor.
HARKET: Yes, I'm sorry he's dead, Doctor. Very sorry. But this proves I'm right. They exist.
DOCTOR: What exist?
HARKET: I think we should set up camp here, and then I have a tale to tell you.

(Camp fire burning.)

CASSIE: I've covered his body. He should be safe from scavengers.
DOCTOR: Thank you.
CASSIE: Oh, no worries. I know how desperate scavengers can get.
DOCTOR: Yes, of course. We'll talk about things later?
CASSIE: Yeah, we will.
DOCTOR: So, Professor Harket, you have a captive audience.
EVELYN: Yes, we're all ears. Tell'em.
HARKET: This might be hard to believe, but
EVELYN: Try us, Professor. Try us.
HARKET: Yes, all right. Have any of you ever heard of the Huldra?
(Norwegian for wood nymph.)
DOCTOR: Huldra? I don't recall the name.
HARKET: Really? Is your doctorate purely honorary?
DOCTOR: Touché, Professor. Do go on.
HARKET: Well, I'm not surprised you've never heard of them. It's taken me years to unearth any texts or documents, but what I have found tells of a very old Norse folk legend. I've picked the brains of some of the old locals, and, give or take some colourful embellishments, their accounts tie up with my research.
DOCTOR: Oh, get to the point.
HARKET: The story, as it goes, tells of a young man alone out here in the wild, scavenging through the mountains and valleys. One night, when the moon was at its fullest and brightest, he heard a voice on the wind, singing. It was the most beautiful voice he had ever heard, captivating, drawing him to it. He thought it was an angel coming for him, to save him from his miserable life. He followed the song until the trees opened into a clearing much like this. Standing, waiting, was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen, wrapped head to toe in shimmering silk. A vision, no less. The ghost stopped singing and in her lilting tongue asked the boy to unwrap her from her silk. The boy, of course, was powerless before her gaze, and obliged. When she stood before him, completely naked, he couldn't resist, and hungrily swept her into his arms.

EVELYN: Sounds like a night down at the Student Union. What was this creature?

HARKET: The Huldra, Doctor Smythe. A beautiful troll with the body of a young nymph, but with the tail of a cow, the only hint that she's not all she seems.

CASSIE: What happened?

HARKET: As soon as he touched her naked skin, he was paralysed. Couldn't move a muscle. And the Huldra simply sucked the life from him. There are other stories, more common, but this is the most unusual spin on the myth.

DOCTOR: Oh, rubbish.

HARKET: I'm sorry?

DOCTOR: Poppycock. Old wives' tales and superstition. Every civilisation is littered with stories like this, and they turn out to be either arrant nonsense or there's a rational explanation rooted in science and nature.

HARKET: Why do you think I'm here? I have written paper upon paper about these creatures. Fairies, imps, goblins. This is my chance to capture one and prove once and for all that these aren't just myths.

EVELYN: And you think that one of this Huldra killed that poor boy?

HARKET: You saw the burn marks, the paralysis. It's the only rational explanation.

DOCTOR: Whatever did that was flesh and blood. Trolls just don't exist.

CASSIE: I remember someone telling me that vampires didn't exist, either.

HARKET: You can all believe what you want. I'm convinced. I'm going to send a message to my university in Oslo. They have to know about this. I'll have to walk out a bit to get a signal, but they have to know.

FRITH: Crumpton, you have to see this.

CRUMPTON: (a woman) Would you mind not just barging in here, Sergeant. I am engaged in important research in here. The slightest change in temperature could

FRITH: Oh, shut up and look at this. It's important. Deputy Director level important.

CRUMPTON: Oh, how am I expected to work under these. Well, what is it?

FRITH: Transmission from Artemis.

(Pressing keys, presumably on a telephone.)

CRUMPTON: Deputy Director, we have a top priority message from the field. Yes, sir. Artemis.

Transmission reads, Lazarus contact made. Of course, sir. Frith'll make the appropriate preparations.

DOCTOR: There, get that down you.

EVELYN: Oh, thank you, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Are you all right? You look a little

EVELYN: Well, I'm still a little breathless. Just need a sit-down and a cuppa.

DOCTOR: Cassie, coffee?

CASSIE: Got anything redder? Sorry, only my humour.

EVELYN: Cassie, what on Earth are you doing in these woods?

DOCTOR: Yes, you were safer nearer the tundra.

CASSIE: That's what I thought. Twelve months I managed to stay up there, then *he* came for me.

DOCTOR: Then who? Oh.

CASSIE: Yeah. Nimrod.

DOCTOR: So he survived.

EVELYN: Doctor, nothing could have survived the explosion at the docks.

CASSIE: Believe me, he did.

DOCTOR: So he stayed true to his word.

EVELYN: Doctor?

DOCTOR: Oh, something he said to me before I left him to go after Amelia.

NIMROD [memory]: Doctor, I

DOCTOR [memory]: Are you?

NIMROD [memory]: I'll live. I always do.

CASSIE: He hunted me across Scandinavia. Everywhere I turned, he was there. I stayed somewhere for a few months, sometimes hoped he'd given up. I fled to Finland, Sweden, even spent two months living on the (??mouth of the yurtar??), but there was too much daylight. Every time, he was there. I couldn't hunt, couldn't feed, couldn't hide.

EVELYN: Oh, Cassie.

CASSIE: And every time I shut me eyes I saw his face, laughing at me. Huh. Some vampire I turned out to be, eh?

EVELYN: You poor dear.

CASSIE: Every time the sun went down and I woke, I prayed that you'd be there, Doctor, that you'd come back for me.

DOCTOR: I know.

CASSIE: You were supposed to come back for me! You promised!

DOCTOR: You have every right to be angry. I tried, but the cure took longer than I thought. Time ran away with itself. It does that every now and then. I'm so, so sorry.

EVELYN: It wasn't the Doctor's fault, Cassie. We tried to get back to you at the exact moment we last left you. The Tardis got a bit confused.

DOCTOR: Yes. Curious, that.

CASSIE: I know. I'm sorry. I felt so alone. This is the first place I've been in the last few years where I felt safe.

DOCTOR: And no sign of Nimrod?

CASSIE: No. I had a run-in with a Forge agent in Svalbard, but I managed to put him off the scent.

EVELYN: He might have just given up and gone home.

DOCTOR: Oh, I doubt that. Nimrod doesn't leave a job half done.

EVELYN: Oh shh, Doctor. Stop being such a scaremonger.

DOCTOR: Yes, quite right. You're safe now, Cassie. We're here.

CASSIE: Have you really found a cure?

DOCTOR: I really believe I have. There's a few tests I still need to run, but we can do that aboard the Tardis. With a bit of luck, your infection by the Twilight virus will soon be a thing of the past.

EVELYN: Speaking of which, shouldn't we be getting back there?

DOCTOR: Oh, probably.

EVELYN: Doctor.

CASSIE: Shouldn't we stay and help Professor Harket?

EVELYN: Are you sure you want to do that?

DOCTOR: Cassie is right, Evelyn. There is the matter of that poor man's death.

EVELYN: Oh yes, there's a homicidal goblin out here. Let's stay.

DOCTOR: That's the spirit.

HARKET: Everyone shut up.

DOCTOR: I beg your pardon?

HARKET: Just listen.

DOCTOR: I can't hear anything.

HARKET: Shh.

CASSIE: I can hear it.

(Faint wordless singing.)

EVELYN: I can make it out too. It, it's singing.

HARKET: Yes. Yes. It's the Huldra. I was right. It's here. Come on.

DOCTOR: Professor, wait!

EVELYN: Too late, he's gone.

DOCTOR: Why can't you humans be more like me and look before you go leaping in?

EVELYN: Some day, Doctor Pot, I'm going to introduce you to Mister Kettle.

DOCTOR: Huh?

FRITH: Okay, Extraction Team Alpha stay in contact with Extraction Team Delta. The Deputy Director will meet you at the assigned rendezvous. Out.

CRUMPTON: Honestly, Frith, do you have to do all your cloak and dagger skulduggery in my lab? It's distracting, to say the least.

FRITH: Oh, I'm so terribly sorry, Doctor Crumpton. Tell you what, bring it up with the Deputy Director on his return. I'm sure he'll be delighted to know we delayed Project Lazarus because I was giving you a headache.

CRUMPTON: Hmm. Point taken. Carry on, Sergeant Frith. I'll just get on with what I'm doing and keep quiet, yes?

FRITH: That'd be nice, Doctor. And ruddy unusual.

CRUMPTON: Hmm? What was that?

FRITH: Nothing. Just doing my skulduggery.

HARKET: That's it. So close.

EVELYN: It's beautiful. I've never heard anything like it.

DOCTOR: I'm not surprised. It isn't human.

CASSIE: What?

DOCTOR: All this talk of trolls and beautiful maidens got everyone's imagination running wild. If I'm right, our little accomplished soloist out there is very much a stranger to these shores, if you follow my meaning.

CASSIE: I can smell that slime again.

HARKET: There, by the tree.

EVELYN: Oh, my word. Well, that's no beautiful human.

CASSIE: Unless beautiful maidens are small, blue-skinned, and looking like they can do with a good meal.

DOCTOR: And bleeding. Look, it's hurt. That's no troll. Whatever it is, it's a long way from home.

HARKET: Well, I'm not just going to sit here

DOCTOR: Wait, man. No. No!

(Struggle. The Huldra is startled.)

HARKET: You little

DOCTOR: You idiot! You scared it off.

EVELYN: Doctor, it's dropped something.

DOCTOR: Let's see. No, don't touch it, Cassie.

CASSIE: It's covered in the same slime that was all over the dead man. Could that cause the paralysis?

DOCTOR: I think so. Hmm, this looks like a communication device. I think the singing is actually its native tongue.

HARKET: You people seem to know a lot about this thing. You're from a rival expedition, aren't you? I knew there was somebody else out here.

DOCTOR: Oh, don't be ridiculous. We just came here to find out

(The Huldra attacks Cassie.)

EVELYN: Cassie!

HARKET: Stay still, I'll shoot it.

DOCTOR: You'll do no such thing. You'll probably hit Cassie.

CASSIE: I'm a big girl. I can look after myself. There. No harm done.

HARKET: I don't believe it. She's knocked it flying.

EVELYN: It's out cold.

DOCTOR: There was no need for that, Cassie. You could have subdued it with much less force.

CASSIE: Oh, I don't know, Doctor. Sometimes force is the only way. Besides, we've got our prize now.

DOCTOR: We?

SOLDIER: All right, no one move.

HARKET: What the hell?

EVELYN: Doctor, is that the Army?

DOCTOR: I'm not sure.

HARKET: Whoever they are, I don't want them here. This is my find.

EVELYN: I think it's too late for that.

HARKET: This is outrageous. I don't know what the military think they're doing but I will not have them hijacking the culmination of my life's work.

DOCTOR: Calm down, Professor. We can talk to them.

CASSIE: The Professor is right about one thing.

HARKET: What?

CASSIE: The culmination of his life's work.

HARKET: Get off me!

EVELYN: Cassie, what are you doing?

CASSIE: Or should I say, culmination of his life. What do you say, Professor? Are you up for making the ultimate sacrifice in the name of science?

HARKET: Aie, you're hurting my wrist.

CASSIE: Ah, here's something to ease the pain. This alien slime isn't having any effect on me.

Wonder what it will do to a human?

DOCTOR: Cassie, no!

CASSIE: Back off, Doctor!

HARKET: No!

CASSIE: Say ah. Interesting. You make for a good field test, Professor.

EVELYN: Cassie, what's happened to you?

DOCTOR: Hold on.

(Harket makes nasty gurgling noises.)

CASSIE: Wow, ten seconds. That was quick.

EVELYN: Is he dead?

DOCTOR: Yes, I'm afraid so. Who are you?

CASSIE: Don't you recognise me, Doctor?

EVELYN: You've got some explaining to do, young lady.

DOCTOR: Oh, I think I know exactly what's going on.

NIMROD: I'm glad to see you've regained your legendary wits, Doctor. You weren't too sharp the last time we met.

DOCTOR: Nimrod. Let's just say I'm trying harder these days.

NIMROD: Doctor Smythe. It's a pleasure to make your acquaintance properly. I wasn't at my best last time. And please, don't be too hard on Artemis.

EVELYN: Artemis?

CASSIE: I'm simply following my orders.

DOCTOR: Orders?

NIMROD: Didn't she tell you? Artemis works for me now, and The Forge.

[Part Two]

(Two large helicopters zoom along.)

EVELYN: Where do you think they're taking us?

DOCTOR: I imagine we've got reservations at The Forge, courtesy of our friend Nimrod. Dartmoor, if I remember correctly.

EVELYN: Dartmoor? As in the England Dartmoor?

DOCTOR: That's the one. Notice anything unusual out the window?

EVELYN: The Tardis! Being carried by the other helicopter.

DOCTOR: Yeah. Nice of them to bring her along.

CASSIE: You two, shut up!

EVELYN: Don't you dare take that tone with me, young lady.

CASSIE: I'm too old for that young lady rubbish.

EVELYN: Oh, Cassie, what's happened to you?

DOCTOR: I think Nimrod happened.

CASSIE: At least he was there for me, Doctor.

NIMROD: Artemis, please be polite to our guests.

DOCTOR: Guests? I see your sense of humour hasn't dulled with age.

NIMROD: Unlike your dress sense. I preferred the old coat. More unique.

EVELYN: I bet you didn't come back here to discuss fashion tips.

NIMROD: No. We'll be landing soon.

DOCTOR: Ah yes, your secret little installation, hidden out of the way. Evelyn? Do you see?

EVELYN: What are those ruins?

NIMROD: The original site of The Forge was an abandoned asylum. We've never strayed too far from home, but our headquarters have taken on a more subterranean nature in recent years. I suggest you strap in. I wouldn't want you to get hurt as we land.

FRITH: Welcome back, sir.

NIMROD: Sergeant Frith, these are our new guests. Cuff them, please.

DOCTOR: Guests? I don't actually remember being invited here.

FRITH: Sorry, sir, ma'am.

EVELYN: I doubt that, frankly.

NIMROD: Then just consider it standard procedure, Doctor Smythe. Now, into the lift, please.

DOCTOR: Wouldn't it be quicker just to use the stairs?

NIMROD: In you go.

(Lift door closes, lift descends.)

DOCTOR: What, no muzak? I'm disappointed in you, Nimrod.

NIMROD: Welcome to The Forge.

EVELYN: Oh, very cosy.

CRUMPTON: Deputy Director, was your trip worthwhile?

NIMROD: Absolutely, Doctor Crumpton. Artemis is having the specimen taken to your lab.

CRUMPTON: And is this?

NIMROD: Yes, this is the Doctor.

CRUMPTON: Finally!

DOCTOR: Oh, I'm glad somebody's in awe of me.

CRUMPTON: I never thought I'd meet you.

DOCTOR: I would shake your hand, but I appear to be wearing handcuffs.

CRUMPTON: Oh sir, couldn't we remove their restraints? This is no way to greet our guests to The Forge.

DOCTOR: Oh finally, someone with manners.

FRITH: Sir?

NIMROD: All right, Frith, take them off.

EVELYN: Thank you.

CRUMPTON: I'm sorry, Doctor. It's standard procedure in an extraction operation of this nature. You were present at the harvest of a new extra-terrestrial lifeform.

EVELYN: Harvest?

CRUMPTON: You and Doctor Smythe need to be de-briefed.

(Door opens.)

CASSIE: Deputy Director, the Doctor's Tardis has been taken to the ancillary storage bay.

NIMROD: Thank you, Artemis.

DOCTOR: Deputy Director, eh? Someone's gone up in the world.

EVELYN: And since when did you start calling yourself Artemis, Cassie?

CRUMPTON: Sir, we need to move forward to stage two. Can I have your authorisation to put Project Lazarus on the clock?

NIMROD: Be patient, Doctor Crumpton. Commence your assessment of the alien.

CRUMPTON: Oh, yes sir. (leaves)

NIMROD: Frith, go with her. Security for the alien is your responsibility.

FRITH: Sir. (leaves)

NIMROD: Ah, the enthusiastic quest for knowledge. I remember being like that.

DOCTOR: Oh, that's it, Nimrod. I demand that you release us. I'm not in the habit of being abducted to mysterious locations at gunpoint.

EVELYN: You little fibber.

DOCTOR: Evelyn, you are not helping.

EVELYN: Just trying to lighten the mood. It's what I do.

NIMROD: There's really no need for these dramatics. I apologise for your treatment, Doctor.

Sometimes the extraction teams can get a little overzealous.

DOCTOR: Overzealous? Try telling that to Professor Harket. Oh, you can't, can you. Because you had him killed.

NIMROD: Perhaps my agent was a little eager to experiment. That will be addressed, Doctor. You have my word.

CASSIE: But you said

NIMROD: No arguments, Artemis. Of course, Doctor, you and Doctor Smythe are free to leave at any time, but I would consider it an honour if I could give you a brief tour of our facility here. I think you'll find The Forge fascinating.

EVELYN: Doctor?

DOCTOR: Hmm. Well, I must admit to being more than curious to know what really goes on here.

NIMROD: Excellent. If you'll follow me.

EVELYN: Actually, I'm not feeling too good. I could do with a sit-down before I go traipsing round.

NIMROD: Of course. Perhaps some refreshments. Artemis, take care of Doctor Smythe.

CASSIE: You're giving me a baby-sitting duty?

NIMROD: Artemis, please.

CASSIE: All right. This way.

EVELYN: Good. We can have a chat, catch up.

DOCTOR: Excellent. I'll see you later, Evelyn. Be careful. My, my, but Cassie has turned into a rather angry young lady.

NIMROD: She's been through a lot, Doctor. Please, this way.

CRUMPTON: Gloves must be worn at all times when dealing with the alien.

FRITH: All right, lads. After three. One, two, three.

(Effort.)

CRUMPTON: Thank you, Sergeant Frith. The creature is secure.

FRITH: Ugly looking bleeder, isn't it? I'll leave a man with you. If any of your team have any problems with this thing, just scream.

CRUMPTON: For somebody who works in extra-terrestrial science you can still be such a xenophobe.

FRITH: We have enough filth scattered round this planet. We don't need to invite any more.

CRUMPTON: Oh, the military mind. Have you ever thought about a change in career?

FRITH: Have you ever signed a card for anybody leaving this place? You don't leave The Forge. The Forge leaves you. Have fun. (leaves)

CRUMPTON: Oracle.

ORACLE: Standing by, Doctor Crumpton.

CRUMPTON: Download all files relating to Codename Lazarus.

DOCTOR: Tell me, Nimrod, what will you do with the alien?

NIMROD: Let's give it a designation, shall we, Doctor? So much more pleasant. We'll call it a Huldra, in honour of the late Professor Harket's work.

DOCTOR: Would it be too much to hope you have nothing inhumane planned for the poor thing?

NIMROD: Of course not. The Forge may employ unorthodox methods at times, but we merely want to study the effects of the creature's venom. If we could synthesise the molecular chain it would be a useful weapon for stunning rather than killing.

DOCTOR: And after you've done that?

NIMROD: The Huldra would be released. A secondary team in Norway has reported finding what they believe to be the wreckage of its craft. We may be able to help the poor creature get home.

DOCTOR: Forgive me, Nimrod, but since when did The Forge have a philanthropic mission statement? You just aren't the caring type.

NIMROD: Our mission is to study and utilise the alien technology that washes up on Earth, adapting it to serve mankind. You of all people know how much extra-terrestrial activity has been centred on Mutter's Spiral in the last half century.

DOCTOR: Go on.

NIMROD: We have got things wrong in the past. Project Twilight should never have happened. Our breakthrough with DNA years before a public discovery made us arrogant.

DOCTOR: Yes, hasn't it.

NIMROD: The flotsam left by alien incursions have allowed us to make quantum leaps in science. Cybernetics, cloning, nanotechnology. If MIT knew what we had here

DOCTOR: All very impressive, but I must question your ethics. Earth isn't ready for any of this.

NIMROD: No, Doctor, you're wrong. We are at the dawn of a new age.

CASSIE: One coffee. Enjoy.

EVELYN: No biscuits?

CASSIE: Don't push it.

EVELYN: (drinks) Cassie, what's wrong? You seem so angry.

CASSIE: Wouldn't you be if you'd been dumped in the middle of nowhere to scavenge off rats?

EVELYN: Now, that's not exactly how it happened.

CASSIE: Isn't it? I will come back for you. He never did, did he?

EVELYN: I can't believe what you've turned into.

CASSIE: What'd you mean?

EVELYN: The Cassie I knew wouldn't have let that poor Professor meet his death like that.

CASSIE: That was the old Cassie. Pathetic Cassie. The Cassie who let people walk all over her. The new me doesn't let that happen. Artemis is too strong for that.

NIMROD: Oracle, release lockdown to Archive security corridor. Authorisation Abberton three six zero nine seven nine Kappa three.

ORACLE: Complying, Deputy Director.

DOCTOR: How did you find Cassie?

NIMROD: Thought you'd found a good hiding place for her?

DOCTOR: Well, I was quite pleased with myself, but I usually am.

NIMROD: The internet is a fascinating creation, Doctor. I always keep half an eye on various newsgroups. Amateur vampire hunter lists. Old habits die hard. And they really do make for the most amusing reading.

DOCTOR: The internet?

NIMROD: Turns out those rumours of a vampire sighting in Norway were true. After months of searching through Scandinavia, we found her, cold, starving and half mad.

DOCTOR: I tried to get her to stay on board the Tardis. So you caught her.

NIMROD: Oh no, Doctor. Artemis came to The Forge quite willingly.

CASSIE: Have you any idea what it was like, in the dark, the cold? Oh yes, vampires feel the cold.

EVELYN: Oh no.

CASSIE: I waited for you. I waited so long, but you never came back.

EVELYN: The Tardis got confused.

CASSIE: You've no idea, have you? And then the hunger came. Hunger that tore away at your very soul, forcing it to suck the life out of anything that came too close.

EVELYN: You didn't

CASSIE: Oh, don't worry. I didn't drink human blood. I managed to cling to some morals.

EVELYN: Cassie, I'm so sorry.

CASSIE: I tried slitting my wrists, but they healed in seconds. Even tried hanging myself. I could have plunged a stake through my heart but I've seen the results of that. I didn't want to end like that, no matter what. Then Nimrod came and offered me a way out, and I took it. Working for The Forge gave me hope and a purpose.

EVELYN: But you *had* hope. That's why you chose to stay in Norway.

CASSIE: I had nothing!

EVELYN: Well, that's not true. What about Tommy? What about your son?

CASSIE: Son? I haven't got a son.

NIMROD: Artemis became my willing student. She's strong, resourceful, sometimes sadistic. She has the natural instincts of a hunter.

DOCTOR: Oh, very good. Artemis, the Olympian goddess of hunting. How boringly melodramatic of you.

NIMROD: She has taken my place as The Forge's primary field agent in Northern Europe.

DOCTOR: I'm sure Amelia would have been very proud.

NIMROD: Oracle, prepare to release lockdown on main Archive access. Authorisation Abberton three six zero nine seven nine Beta two.

ORACLE: Complying. Molecular sequencing scan in progress. Identity confirmed. You are Deputy Director William Abberton. Access granted.

DOCTOR: I see you haven't abandoned everything from your past.

NIMROD: It's important to remember who we are, Doctor.

DOCTOR: I couldn't agree more.

NIMROD: I think you'll enjoy this.

EVELYN: Of course you have a son. I saw a photo in your flat.

CASSIE: Evelyn, I have no idea what you're talking about.

EVELYN: Something's not right here.

CASSIE: It seems fine from where I'm sitting.

EVELYN: Cassie, we can sort everything out.

CASSIE: Oh, do stop saying that. It's getting boring.

EVELYN: The Doctor and I could do

CASSIE: You know, I could easily shut you up myself. I've never tasted human blood, remember?

There's always a first time. By the way, does he know?

EVELYN: Does who know what?

CASSIE: The Doctor. Does he know about your heart?

EVELYN: What? How did you

CASSIE: Vampires. We have very good hearing.

EVELYN: Oh God.

CASSIE: You've been keeping it from him, haven't you? How long?

EVELYN: Since I first met him. Just before then, I had a mild attack. The Faculty decided I was past it, worn out. They threatened to retire me from the University.

CASSIE: And then the Doctor showed up.

EVELYN: He offered me an escape, something new. I've never felt more alive than when I'm with the Doctor. If he found out, it would end our travels together.

CASSIE: Do you think I'd tell him?

EVELYN: With what you've become, I wouldn't be surprised. But I sincerely hope not.

CASSIE: Poor Evelyn. Always so jolly and helpful, but underneath hiding a (laughs) broken heart.

NIMROD: I assume you're impressed, Doctor, with my Archive.
DOCTOR: Impressed? I'm horrified.
NIMROD: I'll take that as a no, then.
DOCTOR: Do you realise the threat these lifeforms actually pose, along side artefacts of some of the most dangerous alien races the universe has ever known?
NIMROD: I try not to think about it.
DOCTOR: If any of your containment systems failed
NIMROD: In the worst case scenario, we have the Hades Protocol.
DOCTOR: The what? Oh, not more melodramatics.
NIMROD: The Hades Protocol. A dead man's switch, if you like. If any dangerous or contagious material were to be compromised, the entire Forge complex would be sterilised instantly.
DOCTOR: A little extreme, but effective I suppose. Yes, yes, all very neat for you. Everything from Axonite to Zanium.
NIMROD: There is one very important entry missing from our collection, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Oh yes? And what's that?
NIMROD: T for Time Lord.

EVELYN: How can you stand by and let Nimrod run your life? He uses people, exploits them. He's no better than the people who originally turned you into a mon, into what you are now.
CASSIE: I'm not listening to you.
EVELYN: Oh, Cassie, something's very wrong with you. Why don't you remember your son? Why?
CASSIE: For the last time, you stupid woman, I don't have a son! I don't have a son!

NIMROD: Welcome to Doctor Crumpton's laboratory, Doctor. It goes beyond state of the art, I think you'll agree. We have technology in here that some countries would sell their borders for.
DOCTOR: Let go of me!
FRITH: Oh, do shut up.
NIMROD: You know I'd hate to have you sedated, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I'll bet you would.
FRITH: Yes, it would be very inconvenient indeed, so stay still.
NIMROD: Frith, secure the Doctor.
DOCTOR: What? Look, would it be too much to ask what you intend doing to me?
NIMROD: Since our first encounter five years ago, you've fascinated me.
DOCTOR: Fans tend to restrict themselves to a simple signed photograph.
(Beeping, strains against restraints.)
NIMROD: I obtained every scrap of information about you that I could. Files, reports, anything, however official or apocryphal.
DOCTOR: I wouldn't believe everything you read.
NIMROD: Do you know what fascinated me the most? This ability to change your form. What did the government files call it? Ah yes, regeneration. Artemis and myself possess powerful healing abilities, but nothing that compares.
DOCTOR: Life's full of disappointments.
NIMROD: I began to imagine an army with that power. Just think, a squad of troops infiltrating a terrorist base. However many bullets you fire at them, they simply regenerate, get up, and carry on fighting.
DOCTOR: Sounds like science fiction to me. What are you going to do?
NIMROD: Kill you.
DOCTOR: What?
NIMROD: Or at least, induce regeneration, to study the cause and effect of the energies unleashed.
DOCTOR: (scared) Nimrod, you can't possibly begin to understand the
NIMROD: We will continue to force you to regenerate until we have all the data we need. It should be quite fascinating.
DOCTOR: To you, maybe. It's a matter of lives and death to me.
(Door opens.)
NIMROD: Ah, Doctor Crumpton, right on cue.
(Door closes.)
NIMROD: Prepare the Doctor's blood test.
CRUMPTON: Sir.
DOCTOR: Nimrod, I'm warning ow! Ow! Do you mind, madam?
CRUMPTON: Sir, sample taken. We're ready.

NIMROD: Very well. Project Lazarus is now on the clock.

DOCTOR: Lazarus? Why Lazarus?

NIMROD: More melodramatics. I couldn't resist such an apt codename for a being who cheats death.

DOCTOR: You're meddling in powers you can't possibly hope to understand!

NIMROD: Let me be the judge of that, Doctor.

CRUMPTON: We're ready.

NIMROD: Now.

DOCTOR: Please, please, aaaaaaargh!

EVELYN: What did Nimrod do to you? Cassie, you have to believe me. Your son is

CASSIE: Shut up.

EVELYN: Your son's name is Tommy. He lives with your Mam back home in Bolton.

CASSIE: You don't know what you're talking about. The Forge is my family.

EVELYN: Nimrod's done something to you, blocked your memory. You're stronger than that. You can break through it.

CASSIE: No, I

EVELYN: Cassie, listen to me. Remember him. Remember your son.

CASSIE: Nimrod said, he said

EVELYN: What did he say, Cassie? What did he say?

CASSIE: He said, he said I have no son. I have no one. The Forge is my family, my only family. (screams)

DOCTOR: (stops screaming) You're going to have to do better than that, Nimrod.

CRUMPTON: Energy levels still at nominal.

NIMROD: Oh, we can do much better than that, Doctor. Increase voltage to level five. (The Doctor screams.)

CASSIE: (with Nimrod echoing) We are your family. You are nothing without us. Nothing without The Forge. Tommy is dead. Tommy never existed. You are ours. We own you. We are all you have. You never knew a boy called

CASSIE: (crying) Tommy. Oh. Oh, my little Tommy. How could I forget you? I could I let you go?

EVELYN: Cassie, it's not your fault. Nimrod has been using you, brainwashing you into forgetting Tommy. There's nothing you could do. All he wanted was to use you as bait, waiting for the Doctor to come back for you.

CASSIE: Somebody else using me, just like all the others. Evelyn, what have I done?

EVELYN: It doesn't matter what you've done. It's what you're going to do next that matters.

CRUMPTON: He's starting to flat-line. One of his hearts has stopped. Lifesigns are critical. Energy levels surging. This is amazing.

NIMROD: Now, Doctor, we'll see what secrets you hold.

(Door opens.)

NIMROD: Artemis.

FRITH: Er, sir.

NIMROD: Artemis, what are you? Frith, stop her.

(Gun cocked, then Frith cries out. Breaking glass.)

CASSIE: This experiment is over.

NIMROD: Artemis, stand down.

CASSIE: Make me.

NIMROD: (choking) Release me.

CASSIE: You messed with my head, Nimrod. Made me forget my son. You're no better than all the others.

NIMROD: Artemis.

CASSIE: I resign. Oracle, release Lazarus.

ORACLE: Complying.

DOCTOR: (gasping and coughing) Cassie?

CASSIE: Doctor, you have to get out of here. I can't hold Nimrod down for long.

DOCTOR: Where's Evelyn?

EVELYN: Come on, Cassie.

ORACLE: Security alert. Lockdown sequence commencing.

(Doors closing, alarms sounding.)

EVELYN: Oh, that's all we need.

CASSIE: Evelyn, I've got him.

EVELYN: Oh, Doctor, what has he done to you?

DOCTOR: Nothing I won't recover from. For now we have to get away. Cassie, can you get us to the Tardis?

CASSIE: It's in one of the ancillary storage bays three levels down.

EVELYN: We won't get very far with these doors in the way.

CASSIE: Oracle, release security door gamma four.

ORACLE: Access denied. Voice print unauthorised.

CASSIE: I've been locked out. Nimrod must be up and about again. I'll try the code. Two nine three zero. Damn!

DOCTOR: He's got Oracle to override the code, too. Cassie, can you rip the plate off? Hopefully I can hot-wire it.

CASSIE: Yes, Doctor.

EVELYN: Hurry.

DOCTOR: Hmm. Simple enough design. When will people learn that sophistication on the surface never covers up sloppy design work underneath. After you, ladies. Hurry.

CASSIE: The storage bay's in the corridor beyond this door.

DOCTOR: Well done, both of you. We're nearly there. Cassie, would you do the honours with the key pad?

CASSIE: What you said in the forest, Doctor. Have you really found the cure?

DOCTOR: I have indeed. Not much longer and you'll be free of this nightmare. Success.

(Door opens.)

NIMROD: (distant) Doctor, Artemis, give yourselves up.

EVELYN: He's blocking our way.

CASSIE: I'll deal with this. Wait here.

EVELYN: Cassie, no!

DOCTOR: No, Evelyn, let her go.

NIMROD: (distant) Artemis, keep back.

DOCTOR: Evelyn, through you go. Here's the key. Get to the Tardis.

EVELYN: What about you?

DOCTOR: Right behind you. Go. Cassie, you can come with us now.

NIMROD: Artemis, you'll never

CASSIE: My name is Cassie. Doctor, I don't want to be a monster any more.

DOCTOR: You don't have to be.

CASSIE: I want to go home and be with my son.

DOCTOR: Nimrod, let Cassie come with us. We're leaving.

NIMROD: So soon? We were only just getting to know each other again. A man could get terribly offended.

DOCTOR: I know all I need to know about you and this slaughterhouse.

NIMROD: And Artemis, Cassie, I never thought you'd turn out to be such a disappointment.

CASSIE: I'll get over it.

NIMROD: It's been a long time since I've used this.

CASSIE: Doctor, go. I'll hold him off.

(Fight.)

DOCTOR: Cassie, come on!

CASSIE: Doctor, get to the Tardis. I can deal with Nimrod.

NIMROD: Can you?

DOCTOR: Cassie, no. I won't let you sacrifice yourself. It's not necessary.

CASSIE: Is that the best you can do, Nimrod? I was always stronger than you. I was the first of Amelia's new breed. Stronger, faster, deadlier.

DOCTOR: Cassie, come on!

NIMROD: I created your kind. Nobody escapes from The Forge.

CASSIE: Wanna bet? See ya, Nimrod. All right, I'm coming, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Cassie, behind you!

CASSIE: What?

NIMROD: Artemis, you're fired.

(Squelch as something is thrust through Cassie's body.)

DOCTOR: Cassie, no!
CASSIE: Doctor, it hurts.
DOCTOR: Nimrod, you evil.
CASSIE: Doctor, argh, get Evelyn away from here. Look after her. Urgh, argh. She needs it. (dies in agony)
DOCTOR: Damn you, Nimrod. Damn you!

(In the Tardis.)

EVELYN: Doctor, where's Cassie?

(Tardis doors close.)

DOCTOR: (breathless) Not now, Evelyn. We must get away from here.

EVELYN: But what about Cassie?

DOCTOR: Now!

(The Tardis dematerialises.)

EVELYN: Doctor, where's Cassie? We can't leave without her.

DOCTOR: He killed her. Nimrod just shot her down.

EVELYN: Why didn't you do something?

DOCTOR: There was nothing I could do, Evelyn.

EVELYN: (crying) Why didn't you let me do something?

DOCTOR: Oh, what could you have done, Evelyn? He'd have killed you too.

EVELYN: No, there must have been a way. There always is. We have to go back for her.

DOCTOR: Evelyn, I'm sorry. I don't always win.

EVELYN: No, you don't.

DOCTOR: Now, shall I go and make us some cocoa? Is there any chocolate cake?

EVELYN: Oh, Doctor, you can't always make things better with a cup of cocoa and a slice of cake.

DOCTOR: Oh, Evelyn, I

EVELYN: Cassie's dead! She isn't coming back. (goes into the interior)

DOCTOR: Evelyn. Oh.

(Evelyn goes to her room and takes her heart pill with a glass of water. Knock on door.)

DOCTOR [OC]: Evelyn? Evelyn? Are you all right?

EVELYN: Go away.

DOCTOR [OC]: Evelyn. Oh, Evelyn. I'm so sorry.

(Evelyn cries.)

[Part Three]

(Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata played on a piano, with a few wrong notes. The Doctor speaks with a Scottish accent.)

DOCTOR 7: I really should have listened to Elton. He always said I needed more practice.

(He tries to continue.)

DOCTOR 7: Oh dear. This is not good. Not good at all.

(Console beeps.)

DOCTOR 7: And you can be quiet. Yes, old girl, I know, I know. Yes, all right, I said I was (sizzle) Massive temporal energy? Vortex unstable? Impossible. Let's have a look outside. Oh dear, I don't like the look of that at all.

FRITH: Acknowledge. Can you hear me down there?

CRUMPTON [OC]: Something's trying to come through.

FRITH: I don't care if something is coming through. We have to hold them back, so we have to shut it down.

CRUMPTON [OC]: I'm going to transfer power

FRITH: No! We're on the verge of a massive power backwash.

CRUMPTON [OC]: We can divert power from the Archive chamber.

FRITH: Don't argue. Crumpton, tell your people to cut the power now.

CRUMPTON [OC]: We can't shut it down, Frith. Nimrod will go spare.

FRITH: Yeah, he'll go spare if we all get killed. Oh no, hang on. He won't. His ruddy experiments are far more important than us mere mortals. I always forget that. Funny, that.

CRUMPTON [OC]: If they break through, we're dead. I don't even know how little he cares. Now give me some help here.

DOCTOR 7: Time is falling in on itself, ripping apart. Now, if I could stop it
(Cloister bell tolls.)

DOCTOR 7: Oh, now what's happened here, hmm, old girl? What? No wonder. Is there enough residual energy? Ah, I might be able to trace the source of the disturbance. Ah yes, got it. Well, well, well. This is a surprise.

FRITH: You've done it. The power has gone down, the enemy hasn't got through, and we've not blown the technology up. You're a genius, Crumpton.

CRUMPTON: Thank you for stating the obvious. Frith, your usefulness never ceases to amaze me.

FRITH: Trouble is, next time you might not be so lucky. Before long they *are* going to get through, and we're going to be their first course.

CRUMPTON: Something like that, yes. It's odd.

FRITH: What is?

CRUMPTON: Just before we cut the power there was something on the visualiser.

FRITH: What kind of something?

CRUMPTON: Not sure. An echo. Not very big, but it registered as solid before vanishing. Probably some new weapon of theirs.

FRITH: Look, you've got Nimrod's ear far more than I have these days. Can't you make him see sense? The Forge can't take another battering like that. They're not going to give up and go away, are they.

(The Tardis materialises in a storm. Tardis door opens.)

DOCTOR 7: Oh, I never thought I'd find myself here again. And what delightful weather.

(Tardis door closed.)

DOCTOR 7: Then as the moon rose, we climbed to the top of the rocks over which our poor friend had fallen, and from the summit we gazed out over the shadowy moor, half silver and half gloom.

(The Hound of the Baskervilles by Arthur Conan Doyle.)

DOCTOR 7: You always loved Dartmoor, didn't you, Arthur? Now, let me see. If I'm not mistaken, that's Lynch Tor, so, ah yes. Just where it should be.

(Thunder rumbles.)

NIMROD: Crumpton, why did you suspend the experiment?

CRUMPTON: Sir, they were about to come through.

NIMROD: And?

CRUMPTON: And none of us would have survived. The whole complex could have been destroyed.

NIMROD: That's the risk you run, Doctor Crumpton.

FRITH: We run, surely?

NIMROD: Oh, I don't think so, Frith.

CRUMPTON: The predictions from your expert were wrong.

NIMROD: That almost sounds like insubordination, Doctor.

CRUMPTON: Sir, he's working in the dark as much as I am. When are you going to
(Alarm sounds.)

FRITH: Oracle, report.

ORACLE: Intruder alert, ground zero.

NIMROD: It seems we have a visitor. Frith, I believe security was still your job last time I checked. Be a good guard dog and see them off, will you?

DOCTOR 7: Oh, such a waste. I bet this was a beautiful building once. Now, if I were the head of a top secret black ops initiative, where would I put the door? Oh, sometimes I wish these people would put down a welcome mat.

NIMROD: Well, Frith. Who is our unexpected guest?

FRITH: Camera three online, sir. There he is. Doesn't look like the usual hiker we get out here.

NIMROD: That's because he isn't. Send the elevator up to him, Oracle.

ORACLE: Complying.

FRITH: Oracle, interface with datanet. Who is he?

NIMROD: Welcome home.

ORACLE: Positive identification made. Matching records from reported incident in Shoreditch, London, 1963. Cross-reference to Carbury, 1997. Cross-reference

NIMROD: Enough. Lazarus.

(Lift dings, door opens.)

DOCTOR 7: Ground floor, capture and certain torture. Oh really, you'd think somebody would put fifty p in the meter. Ah, that's better. Eeny, meeny, miny, mo. Ah!

FRITH: Hello, Doctor.

DOCTOR 7: It's very dangerous, standing around in the dark with a big gun. You might shoot somebody.

FRITH: The thought had crossed my mind.

DOCTOR 7: Er, don't tell me. It's been a century or three, but I never forget a face. Names, yes, but face

FRITH: Let me jog your memory, Doctor. Sergeant

DOCTOR 7: Frith! Of course. Head of Security. Between you and me, Sergeant, I'd think about a career change. I've just broken into your top secret complex.

FRITH: Oh God. I think I prefer the other one. Just move, Doctor.

DOCTOR 7: I assume Nimrod's skulking around here somewhere? You couldn't phone ahead and get it to put the kettle on?

CRUMPTON: This is hopeless. They've held us under siege now for five months. It won't be long before they break through. And you're no help. You're getting nowhere. Well, any more bright ideas?

NIMROD [OC]: Doctor, would you join me in the control room? There's somebody I want you to meet.

FRITH: Go on, get in there.

DOCTOR 7: Do you mind?

NIMROD: Frith, really. A little respect.

DOCTOR 7: Respect? What do you know about respect, Nimrod?

NIMROD: Doctor, please. I thought you'd be happy to be back at The Forge.

DOCTOR 7: It's been many years, at least for me, but I will never forget what you did to Cassie, or Evelyn.

NIMROD: Ah yes, poor Artemis. She did take rather a long time to clean up. And how is dear old Doctor Smythe these days?

DOCTOR 7: I didn't come here to trade pleasantries, Nimrod.

NIMROD: Straight to the point as ever. I like that.

DOCTOR 7: The Tardis picked up a highly dangerous fluctuation in space-time, that centres on here. I don't know which alien race you're plundering this time, but I want your operation stopped.

FRITH: Join the club.

NIMROD: Indeed, Doctor, I was hoping you'd lend us some of your invaluable expertise in these matters.

DOCTOR 7: What makes you think I would possibly want to help you?

NIMROD: We are obviously making mistakes. Dangerous mistakes. Perhaps you would cast an eye over our figures, tell us where we're going wrong.

DOCTOR 7: Hmm, well, I suppose.

NIMROD: It would be a great help.

DOCTOR 7: All right. But I'm only doing this to ensure there's no more damage to the Vortex. It isn't an act of kindness. I remember what you did to me last time I was here. Believe me when I say I'm not as forgiving as my last incarnation.

NIMROD: Oh, I believe you. Oracle, display the telemetry data for the Doctor.

ORACLE: Complying.

DOCTOR 7: This is appalling! What kind of scientific ignoramus could have got

DOCTOR: Scientific ignoramus? How dare you.

DOCTOR 7: What? I know that voice.

NIMROD: Let me introduce our Scientific Advisor. Doctor, meet the Doctor.

CRUMPTON: Oracle?

ORACLE: Standing by, Doctor Crumpton.

CRUMPTON: Run diagnostics on the damage done by that last assault. We've got to be ready if they try again, and I doubt it'll be long before they come back.

ORACLE: Complying.

CRUMPTON: I want our defences, such as they are, ready to go again as soon as possible. Oh, and let me know when Nimrod and his friends are on their way back down here.

ORACLE: Complying.

CRUMPTON: Two of them. This is going to be a nightmare.

DOCTOR 7: What are *you* doing here?

DOCTOR: I think I should be asking that question of you, surely?

NIMROD: Gentlemen, there's no need for this. The Doctor here has been assisting us with our experiments.

DOCTOR 7: I find that very hard to believe. I've no memory of ever working for The Forge.

DOCTOR: Well, you're getting on a bit. Memory not as good as it used to be.

DOCTOR 7: My memory has never been better! And I'm sure I never had such a casual disregard for morality.

DOCTOR: Or perhaps I saw a bigger picture than you?

DOCTOR 7: Meaning?

NIMROD: Gentlemen, enough. Now, Doctor.

DOCTORS: Yes?

NIMROD: Ah. That Doctor.

DOCTOR 7: Oh, sorry.

NIMROD: Doctor, perhaps you can get the Doctor to help you with the experiments, in Crumpton's laboratory.

DOCTOR: Hmm. Excellent idea. Two heads are better than one, eh?

DOCTOR 7: Oh, very well. Lead on. But you and I are going to have a very long chat.

DOCTOR: I can't wait.

(They leave.)

NIMROD: Frith, I think you'd better join us in the lab.

FRITH: Don't worry, I'm not letting those two out of my sight.

CRUMPTON: Oracle, continue charging defence energy banks. I want to be ready, just in case.

ORACLE: Complying.

(Door opens.)

DOCTOR: Everything ready?

CRUMPTON: Not really, no.

DOCTOR: Well, why not? How much time does your ridiculous little mind need to work these things out?

DOCTOR 7: Is somebody going to explain what's happening?

NIMROD: Doctor.

DOCTOR: Oh, of course. I'd be happy to bring you up to speed. I know how slow you can be off the mark.

DOCTOR 7: Just get on with it before I die of boredom.

DOCTOR: Oh, listen to you. (imitates) Just get on with it before I die of boredom. (normal) Honestly, you can be so predictable.

DOCTOR 7: I'm flattered by your excellent mimicry, but that doesn't explain what is happening here.

DOCTOR: Do you remember the Huldran?

DOCTOR 7: Yes, of course. Beautiful creatures.

DOCTOR: Beautiful? Horrible things. Anyway, we have an artefact recovered from the wreckage of the Huldra ship in Norway, and of course the carcass of the Huldran itself.

DOCTOR 7: Carcass? So you butchered it then, Nimrod.

DOCTOR: Sometimes needs must, Doctor. I should have thought you of all people recognised that.

DOCTOR 7: Fascinating.

DOCTOR: What is?

DOCTOR 7: That you've been here so long you're beginning to sound like him.

NIMROD: Thank you.

DOCTOR 7: It wasn't a compliment. I can't believe I'm, *you're* doing this.

DOCTOR: Doing what?

DOCTOR 7: Working with The Forge, with Nimrod. After everything he did to Cassie, Evelyn would never forgive you. Mind you, Evelyn never forgave you anyway, right up to the end.

DOCTOR: I need a private word with the Doctor, just for a moment. In the corridor, please.

DOCTOR 7: I don't see why

NIMROD: Very well.

DOCTOR: Excuse us for a moment, gentlemen.

(Door opens and closes.)

FRITH: Is it such a good idea to let those two get cosy?

NIMROD: I don't see what harm it will do, Sergeant.

CRUMPTON: Scientifically it's fascinating.

FRITH: Yeah, well, it's doing my head in.

CRUMPTON: Not a particularly difficult task.

FRITH: I'm going to the control room to see if our visitors are on their way back.

DOCTOR 7: Watch who you're pushing.

DOCTOR: You're going to ruin everything.

DOCTOR 7: You seem to be doing a good enough job of that yourself.

DOCTOR: For once, don't argue. The Forge may have had questionable motives once, but these days under my guidance they've changed, and there are reasons for the work going on here.

DOCTOR 7: What reasons?

DOCTOR: Earth is under attack, by a particularly malevolent force.

DOCTOR 7: Who?

DOCTOR: The Huldrans. They want revenge.

DOCTOR 7: Against Nimrod for murdering one of their own, for stealing their technology? I mean, are you surprised?

DOCTOR: No, of course not, but two wrongs don't make a right. I have offered my services to Nimrod to help stop the invasion. Yes, maybe the destruction of The Forge seemed a good idea to me, to us, once, but it wouldn't stop there, would it?

DOCTOR 7: I really can't remember any of this. I mean, surely I should know what happens to stop the Huldrans?

DOCTOR: If we stop them.

DOCTOR 7: I'm here, aren't I? I mean, you obviously don't die here at The Forge.

DOCTOR: Unless one of us is from an aberrant timeline, an alternative universe, an interstitial spillage

DOCTOR 7: Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, all right, all right. And so you offered your services.

DOCTOR: As scientific advisor, yes. Nimrod seemed very keen.

DOCTOR 7: Yes, I'll bet he did.

DOCTOR: Mind you, with your Tardis sitting outside on the moor, we can both get out of here.

DOCTOR 7: What about saving Earth? And what about your Tardis?

DOCTOR: Ah yes, er, that's a bit awkward. Nimrod didn't, well, trust me at first, so I offered him the guided tour. Unfortunately he brought Crumpton and some other so-called scientists aboard.

DOCTOR 7: The Tardis secrets in Nimrod's hands?

DOCTOR: Yes. I had to remove the time, time er

DOCTOR 7: Vector generator?

DOCTOR: That's the thing. So sadly my Tardis is now just a common or garden police box, sitting in a storage bay somewhere down below.

DOCTOR 7: Hmm. Well, I think we should stay for a bit. See if we can get to the bottom of the Huldran's problem. They probably just need reasoning with rather than shooting at. Don't you agree?

DOCTOR: Oh yes. Absolutely. And to that end, I have a little plan up my sleeve.

DOCTOR 7: Which is?

DOCTOR: Er, which is, which is

(Door opens.)

NIMROD: I'm not interrupting anything, am I, gentlemen?

DOCTOR: Oh no, no, not at all.

DOCTOR 7: We were just talking about old times.

NIMROD: I hate to break up this reunion.

DOCTOR: Oh, of course. Er, come on, Doctor.

DOCTOR 7: No, no, after you, Doctor.

DOCTOR: No, no, no, I insist.

DOCTOR 7: No, no.

(Door opens.)

NIMROD: Back in here, please, gentlemen.

DOCTOR 7: (sotto) I still want to hear this plan of yours.

DOCTOR: (sotto) All in good time, all in good time. (normal) Now then, Crumpton, all set?

CRUMPTON: No. Shall I tell you what I think?

DOCTOR: You usually do.

CRUMPTON: You, Doctor. No, not you, *you*.

DOCTOR 7: Me?

CRUMPTON: Yes. Oh God, I knew this was going to get tricky. You, Doctor, have your Tardis nearby. If we can get a sample of its exoshell, we could lace that compound into the portal covering, and that should be enough to keep them out for good.

DOCTOR 7: Portal?

DOCTOR: Ah, yes. Knew I forgot to mention something. That little disturbance in the Vortex you encountered. That's the Huldrans using their technology to come through the er, the artefact that Nimrod er, salvaged from their ship.

DOCTOR 7: This artefact is a portal of some sort? They have a portal in their ship?

CRUMPTON: Not any more. We reassembled it in the main labs. We reasoned that they used it actually to travel through. Their ships don't have any propulsion systems we could find. I tend to think of their ship more as a capsule, a containment unit whilst travelling through their Vortex.

DOCTOR: So, what'd you think?

DOCTOR 7: I think I can see why Nimrod is so keen to understand that technology. And I can see why the Huldrans might be less than keen on Nimrod having that technology. What I can't see is why you simply don't destroy the portal and thus stop the Huldrans getting in.

NIMROD: Because I want to be able to use the portal, Doctor. Because that is The Forge's brief, to examine, utilise and master the technology we have here. I'd just like to find a way of doing so without the Huldrans biting our heads off. Literally.

DOCTOR 7: You'd risk an invasion of Earth just to open a door that was previously locked? There's a reason doors like that are locked to people like you, you know.

DOCTOR: (as Doctor 7) There's a reason doors like that are locked to people like you, you know.

DOCTOR 7: Oh do stop that. It's so annoying.

DOCTOR: I do a good Nimrod too, which is quite useful during various fire drills. I know all his access codes, and I can get past Oracle into the mess hall for

DOCTOR 7: Oh yes, very constructive.

DOCTOR: So, are you saying you won't help us?

DOCTOR 7: Oh, I'll find a way to stop the Huldrans destroying Earth, yes. (sotto) But hopefully in the process I can find a way to close this place down as well. I'm ashamed of you, Doctor. Very, very ashamed.

DOCTOR: (sotto) I'll get over it. (normal) Now, shall we begin?

FRITH: Oracle, anything coming through the Vortex? Knowing our luck, we're about due another attack from our Huldran friends.

ORACLE: Confirmed, Sergeant Frith. Stand by for level three lockdown. All sectors stand by.

FRITH: Oh, great. I had to ask.

ORACLE: Stand by. Secure section nine.

NIMROD: Well?

DOCTOR: Well what?

NIMROD: Can he be convinced to work with you?

DOCTOR: Oh, trust me. I'll make sure he does. And once we've solved the Huldran problem?

NIMROD: Then I want him out of the way. But make sure you get access to his Tardis. I've always wanted one of those.

(Door opens.)

DOCTOR 7: Hello out there. Is this a private conversation or can anyone join in?

(Door closes.)

NIMROD: Not at all. We're just comparing notes.

DOCTOR 7: I've just thought of another question.

DOCTOR: Oh, do go on.

DOCTOR 7: Well, it occurs to me that if your Tardis, you know, the one down in the cellar, can't operate as a Tardis any more, well, I just wondered why you can't take a sample of its exoshell and lace the compound into the portal doorway. You know, like you need mine for.

DOCTOR: Well, well, I think er

DOCTOR 7: Ah, no answer. Thought so. Bye.

(Door opens and closes.)

DOCTOR: On the other hand, I could just kill him now. Please?

NIMROD: No. Not yet.

DOCTOR 7: Ah, Doctor Crumpton. Do you have any other useless and completely contradictory data to give me, or is your doctorate as big a sham as everything else around here?

CRUMPTON: Sham? Doctor, the Huldran threat is very real.

DOCTOR 7: Oh yes, I'm sure it is. I just don't think the motives behind Nimrod's attempt to stop it are. I mean, what are you really up to here, Crumpton?

CRUMPTON: Doctor, I

DOCTOR 7: Come on, woman. You're supposed to be a scientist, to ask questions, to challenge authority. What is Nimrod really up to, hmm?

ORACLE: Emergency. Emergency. All personnel stand by for level three lockdown.

CRUMPTON: An attack! Oh, we're being attacked again.

DOCTOR 7: Good. Now, point me in the direction of this portal.

CRUMPTON: Why?

DOCTOR 7: Because if someone is knocking that hard on the door, I'm rather tempted to invite them in.

ORACLE: All sectors, stand by.

FRITH: This is Security Officer Frith to all personnel. Evacuate the portal room. Evacuate the portal room. While muggins has to go down there, no doubt, and face them by himself. Cheers, Nimrod, for nothing.

DOCTOR 7: So, this is your marvellous portal room, is it? And that over there, I take it, is the Huldran craft you so casually ripped the portal from, hmm? Now, are these the controls for the portal itself?

CRUMPTON: Yes, yes, and yes, Doctor.

DOCTOR 7: Excellent. We're ready to power down the defence grid, then?

CRUMPTON: Are you sure you want to do this?

DOCTOR 7: Oh yes, absolutely.

CRUMPTON: Just making sure.

FRITH: Security team in place and standing by.

DOCTOR 7: So I see. Doctor Crumpton, proceed.

CRUMPTON: Very well. Cutting primary power source.

FRITH: Cutting? Crumpton, what the hell's going on over there? I'm reading a massive power drain.

DOCTOR 7: If you can't stand the heat, Sergeant. Focus the alignment beam, Crumpton.

CRUMPTON: Alignment beam on target.

(Door opens.)

NIMROD: Doctor, get away from those controls.

DOCTOR: You're supposed to keep them out, not let them in.

CRUMPTON: I tried to stop him, Deputy Director, but he, but he

NIMROD: All right, Crumpton. Doctor, I order you to stand down.

DOCTOR 7: Opening portal now. This should be interesting.

CRUMPTON: It's opening.

DOCTOR 7: It's beautiful, like a contained Vortex. Oh, fascinating. The Huldra certainly travel in style.

NIMROD: Yes, impressive. Is it stable?

CRUMPTON: It seems to be. Where are the Huldrans?

NIMROD: A good question.

DOCTOR: Wait. Listen. What's that?

DOCTOR 7: I should stand away, if I were you. They might not ask questions first.

DOCTOR: Then why did you open the portal?

DOCTOR 7: Omelettes and eggs, Doctor. I mean, isn't it what being a scientist is all about?

CRUMPTON: Frankly, no.

NIMROD: Quiet, Crumpton. I think the Doctor may have given us a means to ascertain their weaknesses.

DOCTOR 7: No I haven't, Nimrod. I've given you the means to communicate, to talk to them, to reason.

DOCTOR: Here they come, everyone. And they have the means to cut our heads off. Well, Doctor, what's that line about valour and discretion?

NIMROD: No, Doctor. As a member of The Forge's team I'm ordering you to stand there and greet our visitors.

DOCTOR 7: And when did he become expendable, Nimrod?

NIMROD: The moment he was born.

DOCTOR: Ah! Ah, hello there. Nice Huldrans. I'm the er, the, the, the Doctor. I expect you've heard of

me. No? Oh. Now, let's not be hasty about this. Oh. My, that is a big sword, isn't it. Look, old chaps, my friend was suggesting we should just sit down and have a chat about this, like good little aliens, eh? Oh, surely you don't want to
CRUMPTON: Doctor, look out!
(Squelchy thumps and screams.)

[Part Four]

FRITH: I'll take care of this.
DOCTOR 7: No. We'll do this my way.
CRUMPTON: They're tearing him to pieces.
DOCTOR 7: Huldrans, stop, please. Listen to me. Listen. You must stop this now and cause no more harm. We should talk, not fight. Drop your swords. (clanging of metal) No one wants to harm you. We want to understand.
CRUMPTON: Oracle, close the portal.
ORACLE: Complying.
DOCTOR 7: Crumpton, no! You're trapping them here, with us.
NIMROD: Frith.
FRITH: The first Huldran that touches a sword will cause the rest of you to die. Savvy?
DOCTOR 7: Oh yes, I think they understand that, Sergeant Frith.
NIMROD: Crumpton, you and I will take them down to the holding cells and lock them in.
CRUMPTON: Me? Why me?
NIMROD: Because I tell you to.
FRITH: Doctor, how did you calm them?
DOCTOR 7: I have a way with words.
NIMROD: I suggest you see to your past self, Doctor, otherwise you might find yourself popping out of existence before very long.
DOCTOR 7: He's hurt.
FRITH: Hurt? They chopped his blasted arm off.
DOCTOR 7: I can see that. Which rather confirms my suspicion that not everything here is as it seems, eh, Nimrod?
FRITH: You what?
DOCTOR 7: Oh, never mind. Let's get him to the infirmary. Oh, and bring his arm.
FRITH: Charming.

DOCTOR 7: Well, Doctor Crumpton, it's been two hours now. How's my predecessor?
CRUMPTON: I'm afraid we couldn't save the arm. The Huldra really hacked him to pieces.
DOCTOR 7: They had good reason to be hostile.
CRUMPTON: I need to get back to the ones you helped us capture.
DOCTOR 7: You mean helped betray. I told you, Doctor Crumpton, we needed to talk to them, not imprison them.
CRUMPTON: Stay with him, Frith. The Deputy Director wants me in the cells.
FRITH: I've nothing better to do.
(Door opens and closes.)
DOCTOR 7: You don't like your job much, do you, Sergeant Frith.
FRITH: Not really.
DOCTOR 7: How did you end up here, then?
FRITH: I was in the regular Army, Doctor. Kosovo, Iraq, usual places. Got caught in a compromising situation. Accused of spying. I wasn't, but the Army needed a scapegoat to cover up something worse, and I was arrested and assigned here.
DOCTOR 7: So, just as the Huldrans are, you're a prisoner too. Betrayed and abandoned. I imagine the parallel is wasted on you, Sergeant.
FRITH: 'Course, Doctor. I just follow orders.
DOCTOR 7: Just like the other Doctor there, sleeping like a baby. What's happened to you, Doctor? You look so old, so drained. Injured for just following orders.
FRITH: Come on, Doctor. I have to take you to the holding cells.
DOCTOR 7: Hmm? Oh yes, of course, yes, you do, oh yes, of course. Take a closer look at him for me, yes? Is he looking worse?
FRITH: Doctor.
DOCTOR 7: Just take a look.

FRITH: I don't know. He's always looked ah!

DOCTOR 7: I'm sorry, but I need to ask my friend some questions, and I can't do it with you baby-sitting me. There we go, gently does it.

(Frith is unconscious.)

DOCTOR 7: Now, Doctor. Time to wake up.

CRUMPTON: Have you lost your mind? We can't continue with this. I'm happy to continue investigating the Huldran portal, but Project Lazarus must be suspended.

NIMROD: You have no vision, Crumpton. Project Lazarus will continue.

CRUMPTON: I'm prepared to go to the Director myself.

NIMROD: Choose your next words very carefully, Crumpton. The Director does not control The Forge, I do. I *am* The Forge. Project Lazarus will be continued, and you will begin dissecting some of those specimens down below. I want to know how they control the Vortex.

CRUMPTON: Those are living beings, Nimrod.

NIMROD: So were any number of living creatures that have passed through The Forge in recent years. I didn't see you arguing then. Has the Doctor's presence really got to you that much? If you're not happy with that state of affairs, just resign.

CRUMPTON: I seem to remember being told one doesn't ever leave The Forge. The Forge leaves you. So my choices are somewhat limited.

NIMROD: Indeed. Now, I believe you have work to do.

DOCTOR 7: Come back to me, Doctor. Wake up. Time to rise and shine.

DOCTOR: Huh? What? What? Oh, where am I? Good gracious, they're everywhere. Everywhere!

DOCTOR 7: No, no, shh, shh, shh, no, no, shh, shh.

DOCTOR: Everywhere.

DOCTOR 7: You're safe, you're safe. We're in the infirmary.

(Two steady heartbeats on the monitor.)

DOCTOR: My arm. What

DOCTOR 7: I'm afraid they couldn't save it. And that's got me thinking. I definitely know that I never lost an arm. What you went through back there, that level of stress, well, it should have triggered a regeneration. And we know that it didn't happen like that.

DOCTOR: What are you saying? Oh! Oh, my head.

DOCTOR 7: That'll be the anaesthetic. Well, hopefully it won't interfere.

DOCTOR: Interfere with what?

DOCTOR 7: Contact. I need to touch your mind.

DOCTOR: Touch my? Oh no, you don't. You're mad!

DOCTOR 7: It won't hurt.

DOCTOR: No, I won't allow you to do this. I am the Doctor, and I demand

DOCTOR 7: Are you? I'm not so sure.

DOCTOR: You can't make me.

DOCTOR 7: Oh, I can.

NIMROD: Are you ready, Doctor Crumpton?

CRUMPTON: Yes, Deputy Director sir. I'm ready to begin breaking every code of ethics I've ever believed in.

NIMROD: Very good, Crumpton. Just remember you sold your soul to me when Porton Down threw you out. You don't have ethics, you told me. I do hope you didn't lie.

CRUMPTON: I strongly advise against this. We need to study these creatures, find out what their natural habits are, before we start cutting them into shreds.

NIMROD: Doctor Crumpton, your protest is noted, but I want reality, not liberalism.

CRUMPTON: Sir, I

ORACLE: Alert. Energy disruption detected.

CRUMPTON: What?

NIMROD: Crumpton?

CRUMPTON: I don't. Maybe more are attacking the portal room? According to Oracle, this is an energy spike, way off the scale of anything we've seen before. But it's not from the portal room.

DOCTOR 7: Contact.

DOCTOR: (afraid) No!

DOCTOR 7: Contact.

DOCTOR [memory]: You're going to have to do better than that, Nimrod.
CRUMPTON [memory]: Energy levels still at nominal.
NIMROD [memory]: Oh, we can do much better than that, Doctor. Increase voltage to level five.
DOCTOR 7: Time to move on, I think.
NIMROD [memory]: Can it hear us?
CRUMPTON [memory]: I doubt it. I don't think it's sentient yet.
NIMROD [memory]: How disappointing.
CRUMPTON [memory]: We've reached the final stage. Oracle reports that we're ready to, well, give birth, I suppose.
NIMROD [memory]: Proceed.
CRUMPTON [memory]: Releasing now.
(Big slosh of liquid.)
NIMROD [memory]: Crumpton, it's a boy. The Forge has its very own pet Time Lord.
DOCTOR 7: I've seen enough. I need to break the
(The pseudo Doctor gasps.)
DOCTOR: Now you know.
DOCTOR 7: You're not me. Not me at all. How did they do it?
DOCTOR: Blood sample.
DOCTOR 7: Of course! Taken during Nimrod's attempt to get me to regenerate.
DOCTOR: They took our, your, DNA from that.
DOCTOR 7: Is there nothing that Nimrod won't violate in the continuation of his scientific crusade? For King and Country, isn't that what he used to say?

NIMROD: Crumpton, these readings are amazing. Are they what I think they are?
CRUMPTON: Well, I'm not telepathic, Nimrod, so I have no idea what you're thinking, but if these readings are anything to go by, someone in The Forge is capable of reading thoughts. Which could be useful right now.
NIMROD: The two Doctors, together. Fascinating. So much psychic power.
CRUMPTON: But our one isn't the Doctor. How is that possible?
NIMROD: The DNA we used. It must have something in it that provides our one with something of its heritage. Maybe Project Lazarus has a new benefit we hadn't foreseen.

DOCTOR 7: How many were there?
DOCTOR: I was one of three clones.
DOCTOR 7: What happened to the others?
DOCTOR: My brothers? The first clone died within seconds of being born. Hearts attack. It just wasn't strong enough.
CRUMPTON [memory]: We're losing it. Clear!
DOCTOR: The second, after it survived a few days, Nimrod slit its throat.
DOCTOR 7: What?
DOCTOR: He wanted to see if it possessed the ability to regenerate.
NIMROD [memory]: Change!
DOCTOR: They soon found that it didn't.
DOCTOR 7: And you?
DOCTOR: They let me live. Well, I began to display some of the Doctor's natural abilities. Scientific, reasoning (coughs) sense of humour. I think, I think Nimrod was amused to make me his scientific advisor, calling me the Doctor, getting me to dress like you, well, him.
DOCTOR 7: I can imagine. But it isn't stable, is it?
DOCTOR: No. My DNA started to unravel at the seams. Crumpton has consistently stabilised my condition as much as possible, but the attack by those creatures must have accelerated the degeneration.
DOCTOR 7: You're certainly not the man I was.
DOCTOR: I'm just the latest in a long line of Forge failures. They were very wise to stop the cloning process.
DOCTOR 7: Stopped? What makes you think they stopped?
DOCTOR: (coughing) Of course they. Wait. You saw something, didn't you? In our contact session just then. Here, help me up.
DOCTOR 7: I don't think that's a good
DOCTOR: Help me up.
DOCTOR 7: All right.

DOCTOR: And we can get rid of these. It's giving me a headache. Now, come on. Oh, thank you. Now, what did you sense in my mind?

DOCTOR 7: Nothing.

DOCTOR: Don't lie to me, Time Lord. What did you see?

DOCTOR 7: I'm not sure. I er, I saw a room, like this, but with distorted images. Oh, I can't be sure what I saw is what you think I saw.

DOCTOR: No. Nimrod wouldn't lie to me. I'm his expert. I'm his Lazarus. I'm his friend. Come with me.

DOCTOR 7: Where are we going?

DOCTOR: I can see in my mind's eye what you saw now. I can picture the room. I know exactly where it is. Come on.

CRUMPTON: Nimrod, look at the aliens. They're reacting to the psychic stimulus too.

NIMROD: According to Oracle, it's stopped.

CRUMPTON: Oh, but it's triggered of something in them. That's how they knew we'd killed the one we found in Norway, and how we got their blasted portal.

NIMROD: And how the ever-dependable Doctor was able to calm them down.

CRUMPTON: They're telepathic! They must communicate on some fantastic ESP wavelength. Look at them, man. They're moving in unison. Moving as one.

NIMROD: So what?

CRUMPTON: You really are ignorant under all that armour plating, aren't you, Nimrod. I thought you used to be a scientist. They're linked. Some kind of hive mind, perhaps, like ants or bees. My God, when we killed that one, it must have sent a terrible wave of pain to the others. No wonder they attacked us. They were in pain.

NIMROD: If they're that vulnerable, they're of no use to The Forge. Eliminate them, Crumpton. I don't need them.

CRUMPTON: No way. This is a chance to communicate with an alien lifeform on a rational level. The Doctor was right. We can reason with them, apologise for our mistakes.

NIMROD: Crumpton, I never make mistakes. I never apologise.

CRUMPTON: Perhaps you should, damn you.

NIMROD: I stand corrected. I have made a mistake. Relying on you and your bleeding heart. Don't let it blind you. Don't let it make you do something you may regret.

CRUMPTON: It's nothing to do with a bleeding heart, man. It's to do with science. This could turn The Forge around. This could make me famous. Oracle, begin.

NIMROD: Your bleeding heart has indeed failed you, Doctor Crumpton.

(Swish! Crumpton cries out. Thud.)

DOCTOR: In here, I believe.

DOCTOR 7: Of course. How poetic of Nimrod.

DOCTOR: What now?

DOCTOR 7: This is where Cassie was murdered. It's all coming back.

DOCTOR: I don't know the code for this door. Damn Nimrod.

DOCTOR 7: Two nine three zero. There.

(Door opens.)

DOCTOR: No. no. Please, no. He told me I was the third and last.

DOCTOR 7: He lied. He's Nimrod. What else can you expect from a man who lives by his lies and deceptions?

DOCTOR: There are dozens of them. Of me.

CLONES: Who are you? Have you come to help us? Please. Help me.

DOCTOR 7: This is an outrage!

DOCTOR: They're all dying, like me.

DOCTOR 7: Look here, at the dates on their notes.

DOCTOR: Crumpton's writing. But this one's dated last Thursday. But that's impossible.

DOCTOR 7: How old are you, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Three years, four months

DOCTOR 7: No, Doctor, you're not. You're no more than three days old.

DOCTOR: What?

DOCTOR 7: The degeneration is far worse than you think.

DOCTOR: Three days? Don't be ridiculous.

DOCTOR 7: Look at the evidence. Look at these notes. You're more than just unstable, you're a failure. The cloning process doesn't work.

DOCTOR: These notes, they suggest that for every successful clone, and by that I mean me, that Crumpton and Nimrod create, there are ten complete mutated versions kept in here for tissue experimentation.

DOCTOR 7: And as your body starts to break down, they sample your DNA so that the next clone wakes up with their memories intact.

DOCTOR: Then I'm, I'm nothing. Not even a person. Just a few days or hours old.

DOCTOR 7: No, don't think like that. Not now. We need to stay focussed.

CLONES: Don't leave us.

DOCTOR: Oh, leave me alone. Please, stop crying. You're hurting my head.

DOCTOR 7: We should leave here. I made a mistake bringing you in.

DOCTOR: No. No, I should have destroyed this place when I had the chance. Oracle.

ORACLE: Yes, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Initiate the Hades Protocol.

ORACLE: Please supply your authorisation code.

DOCTOR 7: Don't do this, Doctor. What about the people who work here?

DOCTOR: They are evil! Look what they've done to me, to us. Kept us alive in a state of near death, experimenting on us, sampling our DNA. Each of these poor, innocent mes being forced to try and regenerate, and look at the results. The people here deserve death.

DOCTOR 7: What about the aliens trapped here? Innocent prisoners. And what about the Huldrans?

DOCTOR: Then you have about six minutes to them back through the portal and yourself back to your Tardis.

ORACLE: I require voice print confirmation of the Hades Protocol.

DOCTOR: Oh, just do it, Oracle.

ORACLE: The Hades Protocol can only be instigated by Deputy Director Nimrod.

DOCTOR: Of course. Paranoid to the last. Well, how's this, then. (Nimrod) Oracle, initiate Hades Protocol. Six minutes to sterilisation, no override possible. Authorisation Abberton two eight one one three nine Kappa seven.

ORACLE: Complying, Deputy Director.

DOCTOR: Bingo.

(Alarms.)

NIMROD: Oracle, report.

ORACLE: The Hades Protocol instigated. Sterilisation of this complex in six minutes.

NIMROD: How the hell? Oracle, this is Nimrod. Override. Override.

ORACLE: Override disabled at your request.

NIMROD: At my? Clever Doctor. Damn you stupid machine, Oracle. You have to stop it. The Forge will be destroyed.

ORACLE: Sterilisation in five minutes forty one seconds. Light water liquid explosives detonated.

Lower levels of The Forge sterilised. Explosions will continue. Please evacuate.

NIMROD: Oracle, I should have had you deactivated years ago.

ORACLE: Statement not understood. Please clarify.

NIMROD: Go to hell.

ORACLE: Hades Protocol active. Sterilisation of The Forge imminent.

SOLDIER [OC]: Everybody out! Come on.

SCIENTIST [OC]: Corporal, we haven't finished loading the DNA.

FRITH: We haven't got time for that. Get those people out of the labs and onto the trucks ready for transport.

SOLDIER [OC]: But Sarg, we

FRITH: Just do it.

DOCTOR 7: Frith, you must evacuate.

FRITH: What do you think I'm doing, Doctor? Where's the other one?

DOCTOR 7: Never mind him. What about the Huldran prisoners? Our actions here could be perceived as a declaration of war.

FRITH: Well, I should think they'll be destroyed in about five minutes.

DOCTOR 7: So what do you intend to do?

FRITH: Leave!

DOCTOR 7: Leave? You can't just

NIMROD: Doctor, well done. My life's work about to be destroyed.

DOCTOR 7: It wasn't me, it was your precious Project Lazarus.

NIMROD: You're always so eager to leave The Forge, Doctor.
DOCTOR 7: Don't take it personally, but I find the service appalling.
ORACLE: Alert. Hades Protocol active. Sterilisation of The Forge imminent.
NIMROD: Gentlemen, that's my cue to be leaving.
DOCTOR 7: I thought nobody left The Forge, Nimrod.
NIMROD: It's Deputy Director is naturally exempt from employment conditions. Frith, kill this one, then get the samples in the Archive room to safety.
FRITH: And the Huldrans?
NIMROD: Who cares about them? They're useless to us now. Farewell, Doctor.
(Lift arrives.)
DOCTOR 7: Nimrod!
(Lift leaves.)
DOCTOR 7: Nimrod!
FRITH: He walked out on us!
DOCTOR 7: You sound surprised.
FRITH: Sadly, I'm not. Not really.
DOCTOR 7: I can get you out of this, Frith, but only if you help me get the Huldrans home safely.
ORACLE: Hades Protocol active. Sterilisation of The Forge imminent.

CLONES: Help us. Please, please, help us.
DOCTOR: Oh, leave me alone. I can't help you. Please.
NIMROD: You're getting worse.
DOCTOR: Oh, really? Like you care. You did this to me, to them.
NIMROD: If we had access to the Doctor's Tardis, we could see if we can halt your degeneration.
DOCTOR: I'd rather die here, with my, my family than go anywhere with you.
NIMROD: Your family? Oh, don't make me laugh. This organic flotsam, family? Of course, in close proximity, with the tiny fragments of the Time Lords gift of telepathic awareness, their screams must be driving you mad.
DOCTOR: No! You drove me mad, the day you created me. And them. You did this to me.
NIMROD: Stay back, Doctor.
DOCTOR: You think I'm afraid of you, Nimrod, hmm? Now, look around you, Nimrod. Your life's work, and this collection of failures is the best you can achieve?
NIMROD: I'm warning you, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Warning me of what, you abhorrence? You scar on the face of science. You abomination. You disgust me.
NIMROD: Such a shame.
DOCTOR: You animal!
NIMROD: No, Doctor, that's you. All you are, have ever been. Do you know how many of you there have actually been in the last three or so years? No? No, neither do I. I've lost count because they, because you don't really matter. You're an experiment gone wrong, to be put down. You're the animal, Doctor. Just one of the little white mice we observe, dissect and discard.
DOCTOR: No! No!
NIMROD: You are worthless, Doctor, because you are a failure.
DOCTOR: I am shutting you down, Nimrod. I'm shutting The Forge down and I'm sterilising you with it. I haven't failed there. I've succeeded in doing what my real self couldn't do. I have beaten you.
NIMROD: I can't be beaten, Doctor. That's why I am Nimrod and you are nothing.
(He kills the clone Doctor.)
NIMROD: Project Lazarus is terminated, Doctor.

ORACLE: Alert. Hades Protocol active.
DOCTOR 7: Come on, we have to get the Huldrans.
FRITH: In here, Doctor.
(Door opens.)
FRITH: Crumpton, are you? Oh jeez. Damn her.
DOCTOR 7: I imagine she tried Nimrod's patience once too often.
FRITH: There's your precious aliens, Doctor.
DOCTOR 7: I need to talk to them. How?
FRITH: Er, here, use this talk-back. But you've got less than three minutes.
DOCTOR 7: Then get to the portal room and activate the doorway to the Vortex. Please.
FRITH: Oh, what's the point in arguing. Takes more than three minutes to get to the surface anyway.

I'll meet you there.

DOCTOR 7: Now listen to me carefully. I'm going to send you home, but you need to do exactly what I say. We don't have much time.

ORACLE: Two minutes forty seven to Hades Protocol

FRITH: Oh, shut up, Oracle. Oh God, which are the portal controls? Damn you, Doctor, I'm a soldier, not a ruddy techie. This was Crumpton's job. Ah, guess I learned more than I thought. Maybe I should change jobs after all.

DOCTOR 7: Doctor?

DOCTOR: (weak) Doctor.

DOCTOR 7: Come on. We must try to get away. I have the Huldrans outside. They're going to use the portal.

DOCTOR: Leave me.

DOCTOR 7: But I. Nimrod? Did he do this to you?

DOCTOR: Of course. He's gone. You must find him, stop him. It's what I'd do if I were really the Doctor.

DOCTOR 7: I'm not leaving you. This place is going up for good. Come on.

DOCTOR: Doctor, go. Save yourself. I'm not real. Nothing in this room is.

DOCTOR 7: No, I won't let you down.

DOCTOR: Just go! I was never alive. It doesn't matter. Save the aliens. They matter. (dies)

DOCTOR 7: Ashes to ashes, my friend. Dust to dust.

FRITH: Come on, where are you?

(Door opens.)

FRITH: At ruddy last. All ready and waiting, Doctor.

DOCTOR 7: Well done, Sergeant. Now, my friends, your craft is there. Take it back into the Vortex with you. The Hades Protocol will destroy this portal, I'm afraid, but at least Earth will not be capable of harming you again. Oh, and I suggest in future you stay well clear of it as well. Goodbye!

(Wibble, whoosh.)

DOCTOR 7: Right, close the portal, Sergeant.

FRITH: Done so.

DOCTOR 7: Might I suggest we run?

FRITH: What's the point? We won't make it.

DOCTOR 7: Never say die, Sergeant Frith. Come on!

FRITH: That's the lower levels completely gone, Doctor.

DOCTOR 7: How long before they catch us up?

FRITH: Seconds. The elevator's that way.

DOCTOR 7: You should never use lifts in emergencies, Sergeant. Don't they teach you anything in the Army these days?

FRITH: Yes. Survival, usually. Come on, come on.

ORACLE: Five seconds.

FRITH: Come on, come on, come on

(Kaboom!)

(Wind and heavy rain.)

DOCTOR 7: Made it. We made it, Sergeant.

(Deep boom underground.)

DOCTOR 7: Sergeant Frith? Frith! I felt him push me into the lift, but I thought he was with me.

(Explosion, Doctor coughs.)

DOCTOR 7: All gone. It's as if The Forge was never here. Oh well, Doctor, off we go. Raining again. Typical. Now where did I leave the Tardis? Where to this time, Doctor? Maybe it's time I went home.

ORACLE: Oracle system is now back online. Data upload complete. Forge beta facility is now operational.